THE PIÑON

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Leona Larson.

THE PIÑON

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"Do not pray for easy lives; pray to be stronger men or women. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers, but for powers equal to your tasks; then the doing of your work shall be no miracle, but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you through the peace of God."—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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A Visit with Nature

WILL you join me this morning as, in fancy, I go back to one of the pleasantest experiences in my life—that is, my morning horseback rides during the school days early in April?

To-day the singing birds and budding trees herald the coming of spring. And how sweet is the clear, cool morning air! To me it has always seemed most appropriate that the songs of birds and the fragrance of opening flowers should be wafted on the same gentle breeze.

It is eight o'clock and time to start. So let us be off; and I assure you that if you do not enjoy yourself it will not be Mother Nature's fault, for she endeavors to speak to us through the beauties all about us.

First we pass an Indian farm, where the alfalfa is just beginning to appear, fresh and green against a dull gray background of brush. On this glorious morning even the sagebrush seems beautiful, as it in turn is relieved by its background of snow-capped mountains, which stand out white and clear in the morning sunshine and which are dotted here and there by deep blue shadows.

Now we ride for a short distance in an arid portion of the valley. From the top of a small hill we can look out over the valley and see the bright green of the sprouting grain, contrasted with the rich, velvety green of the meadow-lands nearby. Here and there a farm house stands out boldly, as if challenging one's attention. The homes tucked away among groves of budding trees seem so much a part of this peaceful picture that we cannot overlook them.

When we reach the foot of the hill we see a tiny green pasture, almost surrounded by the low ridge we have just descended. Here and there we see white lambs gamboling about as if they were too full of life and good spirits to be anything but happy.

From now on we shall have to ride over country noticeable for the monotony of the sagebrush and the variety of the rocks that cover it. But wait! Let us keep our eyes open and I think that we can see some-

thing indicative of springtime. In fact, the clear cool air itself has a balminess that belongs to no other season of the year.

Ah, yes! See that spray of purple forget-me-nots, hiding away in that dead bush. And further back from the road I can count a number of Mariposa lilies, as they lift their faces of waxen creaminess to the blue vault of heaven. There is our old friend, the purple Johnny-jump-up.

Can you see those tiny plants laden with golden buds? If we were to pass here about noon the ground would seem literally carpeted with myriads of yellow flowers, and the breezes would be laden with the most delicate perfume. And do you see here and there a wiry, little plant with tightly folded buds of dull pink? The inner surface of their petals is pure white, and they are called four-o'clocks. This afternoon, as we go home, they will be opening and diffusing their fragrance through the evening air. I prefer to call them purities. Well, we shall be out of this part of the country too soon for me to tell you of each of the other flowers we see hiding among the rocks and bushes.

What is that great mass of pink and white further on? It is a peach and cherry orchard, owned by an old Indian. We are to pass it soon.

The orchard passed, our eyes are greeted with another expanse of apparently desert land. But we need not dread it, since we found so much to enjoy in the first bit of similar country which we passed over. Here are all of our old friends, and a few new ones. That thorny shrub covered with great clusters of deep pink flowers is called the wild peach. Do not those briliant red flowers show to an advantage beside the gray stones? And there, with buds just showing the pink, I see a cactus plant, which in about a month will be almost the only flowering plant to be seen.

We are now near Pine creek. I always enjoy riding through the cottonwood groves that border it. The groves are just bursting into leaf, and are evidently the larks' concert hall, judging from the number of songs I hear. The water in the creek is low at this time of the year. Its gentle murmur seems a fit accompaniment to the sounds of joy about us.

A little hill to climb and then another view bursts upon our sight. Here the dark earth, lately ploughed, shows in striking contrast to the brilliant green of the grove which we have just passed, and to the dark green of the meadows beyond, where I suspect some modest violets are hiding.

Do not miss this view of Mt. Tom. Does he not give you the impression that he stands there in all his purity, a sentinel of God to guard His beautiful work—this narrow valley?

Here we are at the school-house, and almost with a sigh of regret I think of spending the day indoors. Almost unconsciously, however, I resolve to use my time in such a way that this day will be a suitable setting for "some worthy action done."

At the Meadow Bars

The night was calm and beautiful
And in the clear blue sky
A million stars danced merrily,
And the sad, pale moon rode high.

Who would have thought in this soft vale
Was aught of fear or woe?
But war had sent its summons dread,
And friends and kin must go.

Alone, down by the meadow bars,
Their last good-bye was said;
His face was pale, but resolute,
And drooped her lovely head.

One last fond look and he was gone
To join the troops of war,
While in his ears rang her last words,
"I'll be waiting at the bars."

The war-cloud long has passed and gone
And when the troops returned
Among the ranks was missing
The one for whom she yearned.

Within her breast hope still remains
And in her heart so true
She hopes to greet, ere her sun is set,
Her lover in Union Blue.

When beams the moon on field and dell
And softly peep the stars,
Alone you'll find her waiting
Beside the meadow bars.

Habit of Reading

EVERY one should early acquire the habit of reading good literature, but while we should strive to become acquainted with all the famous authors and their works we should endeavor equally as much to guard against anything that is not helpful. Poor books are worse than none. Reading always leaves one's mind with new ideas and should they be of a bad character the reader is left in a worse condition than if he had never read at all but had sought his knowledge in nature, the one source that never deceives.

It is the custom of teachers and parents to encourage small children to read, to employ every spare moment in reading. It is true they select instructive literature for the child, but reading can be carried to excess, even the reading of the best books. The person who reads and never puts his knowledge into action soon loses sympathy for his fellow men and becomes out of harmony with the rest of the world. He knows nothing except what some one else tells him. Some persons read extensively and if these same persons were to see a commonplace object of which they had read they very likely would not recognize it.

Emerson says "Read to receive an inspiration and then act." How much more benefit we would derive from our reading than we otherwise do if we acted upon this suggestion. The person who reads only to find what is between the covers of the book loses half the gain. Read to receive new thoughts and then put those thoughts into action; compare them with your own ideas on the same subject and try yourself to see the author's views. You will find that the person who receives the greatest amount of good from his reading is not the one who has read the greatest number of books nor the one who can quote the greatest number of lines from his favorite author, but it is he who has put his reading into practice.

Sometimes we become tired and melancholy and fail to see the beauty in nature which was once a source of delight to us. If we but glanced at one of Wordsworth's beautiful nature poems we are at once inspired to go to the nearest wood or spring or creek and to learn how truly he has described it. No doubt we are benefited by the very ideas and expressions of the writer, but after all is it not the inspiration which does the greatest amount of good? So as we read let us not lose sight of these facts and forget what we have learned as soon as the book is closed, but put our newly acquired knowledge into action at the earliest opportunity.

An Ancient Funeral

FOR a few minutes let us suppose that we are living about 3000 B. C., in a small Egyptian town. As we are passing through a crowded street our attention is attracted by a small procession slowly approaching.

The people of the procession are chanting a weird wail which at once causes us to think that they are in trouble; their dress is queer, and owing to the striking resemblance they bear to each other we are led to think that they are members of one family.

We wonder what this all means, and are told that a certain well known and respected man has died and that this is a part of the funeral services, as we would speak of them. Since we would like to know more about the way the Egyptians care for their dead, let us follow these people. After passing through most of the town, we see them return and enter the home of the deceased, where they hold the last sad ceremony over the corpse.

The body is next carried away by an undertaker, to his establishment in or near a cemetery. A scribe marks a line down the left side of the corpse, under the ribs, and the flank-inciser proceeds to make a deep incision with a knife made of stone or flint. After this the scribe is cursed and the people drive him away by throwing stones at him. We cannot explain this except as an ancient custom.

The body then passes into the hands of another undertaker, who injects cedar oil into the body, and then the incision is closed. The brain is removed through the nose with crooked instruments and the head cavities are filled with peculiar drugs.

After that the body is soaked for seventy days in natron, a liquid which contains sulphate of soda and chloride of lime. By this time the soft parts of the body have passed away, leaving nothing but skin and bones; after this we have a mummified body so well preserved that it will last for ages. With spices and linen it is bound up, sealed in its coffin and is ready to be taken to the tomb.

If the family has wealth there will be prepared for the body a tomb, in which it is sealed without more ceremony. Here we will let our mummy rest, to be discovered in the distant future.

A Perplexing Problem

It's up to me to write a rhyme,
In vain I offered one a dime;
But she knows nothing more than I,
So simply answered with a sigh.
I try in vain, each one I ask,
But all refuse this simple task.
With thoughts, and words and rhyme I've striven
Till to despair I'm well nigh driven.

I've labored with poetic feet,
To make my verse with rhythm sweet.
But meter is beyond my reach;
Twixt rhyme and sense there is a breach
So wide, and so with errors fraught,
That meaning, beauty, all are naught.
I drop the thoughts that in me burn,
To names of authors great I turn.

I'll read some noted works awhile,
And then take up the selfsame style.
Of course of Shakespeare first I think,
And from his style deep draughts I drink.
O joy! the way grows clearer now,
I was a poet born, I vow!
Blank verse! Why one need not be bright
Such poetry as that to write.

The very simplest sort of prose
With capitals would then disclose
Poetic beauty, rich and rare,
Without a maze of rhyming care.
I lay my Shakespeare on the shelf,
I'll write a work as great myself.
I then begin; a rule I see—
Each line must scan, ah me! ah me!

They will not scan howe'er I try,
My every effort they defy.
It is no use, I drop my pen,
Blank verse I'll ne'er attempt again,
Nor will I reach Shakesperian fame,
In oblivion dark will sink my name,
For I was not a genius born;
It can't be helped; I should not mourn.

But still there stands that dreadful rule;
"A poem from each one in school."
I must comply, so once again
Verse form assails my weary brain.
But now on Thomas Hood I lean;
There's scarce a word my rhymes between.
There should be more, but rhymes are few,
I find my list of words won't do.

I think of Kipling with a smile;
Gay, crude and breezy is the style.
But witty I can't be, nor gay,
While such a task looms in my way.
I'll banish all poetic lore.
I'll think of other works no more.

Awhile I'll sit and think, and then
Such thoughts as never flowed from pen
I'll set upon my paper fair—
Come all, and mark this genius rare!

A fresh sheet with new hope I take,
My grand attempt I now will make.
But hopes are prone to die again,
Ah! that the fallacies of men
Should lead them ever to believe
They can their inmost selves deceive,
And feel a greatness in their hearts
And yet must act the simplest parts!

My hopes are dead, my dream is past,
I see things clearly now at last.
I've wasted nearly half the night,
But a single verse I cannot write.
I lay my pen and ink away
And this I vow: To my last day
At Pegasus, steed of gifted men,
I ne'er will cast my noose again.

With the humblest lot I'll be content,
Nor soaring greatness I'll lament.
I'll do my part—assign my task,
But I pray 'twill not be a poem you ask.

The Pride of Mrs. Simpson

THE ladies of the Benevolent Society were busily sewing around the fire on a cold December day until the President, Mrs. Greystone, called the meeting to order, and all work was laid aside. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, and then the President asked if there was any subject that should be introduced for discussion.

The silence in the room was broken by Mrs. Sanders: "You are all aware how impossible it is for the aged and feeble Mrs. Simpson to live as she has been living, alone and uncared for. We should think of some plan to aid and comfort her."

This statement excited the gossiping Miss Seedburg, who remarked: "When a load of coal was sent to her free of charge what did she do but send it back. She then told the coal dealer that when she wished coal she would order it, and he should not bring any until she did; this is the thanks she gave us for our kindness."

"Nevertheless," Mrs. Greystone said, "I think we should do something for her, and I will appoint a committee to go and see if Widow Simpson will go to the Old Ladies' Home at Sunshine Lake; the com-

mittee to report at our next meeting this coming Thursday. All the expenses, of course, are to be paid by the society."

The next afternoon found the committee at Widow Simpson's gate, just as she was going out to feed her chickens. They quickly informed her of their errand and breathlessly awaited her reply.

"You say you will be here at nine o'clock next Sunday for me?" Mrs. Simpson said. "Well, then, at that time I will be ready to go with you." Departing, the President and committee made all necessary arrangements. It would take at least the three hundred dollars in their treasury to place Mrs. Simpson at the Home; a room on the third floor could be had for that amount.

When the party reached Mrs. Simpson's the following Sunday they found that she was ready with her carpetbag, valise and two plants which she would take, a half wilted smilax and a beautiful geranium. Locking up her house, she climbed to a seat in the carriage and was borne swiftly away to her new home.

They reached the Lake as a distant church bell was ringing the hour of eleven. Alighting, they were conducted into a spacious front room, and waited there until the matron entered. The party laid their plan before her, and then went to seek a room for the widow. When they entered a dark and gloomy room on the third floor the matron informed them that this was the only room on that floor. Mrs. Simpson then spoke for the first time since she had been in the house.

"Do you mean to say that this is to be my room? No; if you cannot give me another I shall not remain here." They descended the stairs again and viewed the rooms on the first floor.

At last they reached a room where the sun came in the window, flooding the room with brightness. A rocking chair stood close to the window, and Mrs. Simpson sat down in it. "This is the room I shall take, for I want to sit here and see the busy crowd as they go hurrying by on the street. How much is it?" she asked. "Five hundred dollars," said the matron. The society ladies looked at each other not knowing what to do, for they had not expected this; they could not give five hundred dollars. The thought took their breath away.

Mrs. Simpson opened her carpetbag and took her purse from it. Opening it, she placed eight hundred dollars in the hands of the matron. "Here," she said, "are the five hundred dollars, and the rest you may give to the first old lady who seeks shelter under this roof. I know by your kind face that I can trust you to do as I bid, and here I shall always remain." She seemed to have forgotten her benefactresses, and soon they were gone, finally convinced of the pride of Mrs. Simpson.

A Modern Rip Van Winkle

"THIS will end to-day," exclaimed Tim Buckley decidedly, as he leaned on the handle of his spade beside the field gate and gazed longingly across the country in the direction of which, as he had often heard, the city lay.

Tim's mother had died when he was but a child, and his father, a cruel, selfish man, had compelled him to do the meanest work on the farm until he was now fifteen years of age. He had never been without the farm limits except when he attended the village school, or when his father did not desire him to do some chore or errand, and that was very seldom. Through all these years Tim had one friend, and only one, his dog, Tige, who sat silently at his feet and gazed wistfully up into his master's determined face.

Tim had resolved to run away, and his time had come. He could see his father's vegetable wagon just disappearing around the bend in the road that led to the village. Shouldering his spade he strode hastily into the house, his dog following. Tying up his clothes in a red bandana, and securing a few cold biscuits for himself and his dog, he set out for the city which he knew lay somewhere in the direction of the high mountains toward the west.

For three days, with little rest and less food, Tim trudged patiently on, until the domes and spires of the city came into view. Encouraged, he hastened his footsteps until he was only a short distance from its limits. Here he came upon a great crowd of people gathered around a large square, and evidently watching a game which was in progress. Tim had never seen anything like this before. The men running about in funny padded suits and kicking a big ball, and the people cheering and shouting, were all strange things to him. Tim heard some one who was standing near say this was football.

He was standing at the edge of the crowd, gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the strange sights around him, when he was startled by a hand which was laid upon his shoulder. Turning around, Tim stood face to face with a queer little man. Although his smooth-shaven face and dark brown hair gave him a youthful appearance, he seemed very feeble and swayed from side to side.

This strange man drew from his pocket a bottle filled with liquid of the prettiest color Tim had ever seen. He offered Tim some, assuring him that it was very good. Tim ventured to taste it, and found it very

pleasing. The man tottered slowly off, utterly forgetting the precious burden he had left behind. When Tim observed that the man was going away, his first impulse was to run after him and return the bottle, but remembering the delicious flavor, he decided to run the other way, and run he did, Tige following.

The mountain was only a short distance from this place, and it was thickly wooded. Tim advanced into the forest and sat down to think and to partake of his delightful beverage. Soon he felt a drowsiness coming over him, and try as he would he could not shake off this feeling, and finally he fell fast asleep.

* * * * *

Tim awoke with a start, thinking he heard his father's harsh voice calling him to another day of labor. He sat up and looked about him, and then remembered how he came to this place. But how changed everything was! It seemed as if a great miracle had been wrought in a night. The trees which yesterday were clothed with living green were now bare and brown. He arose and found himself stiff in the joints, and was startled to discover that he possessed a beard about three feet long.

"This is strange, strange indeed!" thought he. He looked around for his dog, but nowhere could he be seen. He called "Tige, Tige!" but the only reply was the echo which resounded from a dozen surrounding canyons. Again he called, and again the echo was his only reply. He was now very sad and discouraged. "Oh, that I had not run away with that beverage!" he moaned in his agony of spirit.

He was so hungry by this time that he proceeded down the mountain to the scene of yesterday's gayety. This, too, was changed. Instead of the football players he was surprised to see a young gentleman and a lady running about with crooked sticks and striking a little ball with them. Tim asked the young man what had become of the football players of yesterday. "Football players! Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Why, these have been our golf links for fifteen years." Tim was sorely puzzled. "How I wish I had never seen that strange man!" he groaned.

He turned and walked slowly toward the city. When he came within its limits it was about noon and as he was ravenously hungry he determined to get something to eat. He applied for work, but was told that he was too slow, too far behind the times. He begged from door to door but received no favorable response, until finally, when

he was about starved, a kind lady, pitying him, gave him a loaf of bread and some cheese. He ate some of the bread and cheese and then sat down on the doorstep to think.

The future looked very dark to Tim. He saw plainly that he could not maintain himself in the city, but what could he do? Return home?

It was very dark and he was weary, so he curled up in an ash-barrel and went to sleep. In the morning he arose, and, with the thought "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," started out on his journey, with what remained of his loaf and cheese.

At dusk, the third day, he came to his father's farm. But what a strange sight met his view! Instead of the little brown house of a few days ago there stood a pretty white cottage, almost hidden by roses and climbing vines. The front yard was resplendent with beautiful flowers of every hue, while at the rear of the house was a well-kept vegetable garden.

Timidly he advanced, fearing at any moment to hear the surly voice of his father greet him with a volley of oaths, but instead a pretty young girl with soft brown eyes and wavy brown hair appeared in the doorway. Tim started back abashed, but remembering how tired and hungry he was, he asked for something to eat and a place to rest overnight. He did not ask about his father then. The girl looked at him suspiciously for a moment, but being kind-hearted and seeing how faint he was, she bade him go around to the kitchen, where the cook gave him the best meal he had ever eaten in his life.

After he had finished his repast Tim sent for the owner of the house. He came, and his daughter with him. When Tim asked about his father he was told that Ted Buckley had died sixteen years before, and that the present proprietor had bought the farm.

"Why, I went away only a few days ago!" said Tim, amazed. Then he told the story about his early life, his flight, and the strange man with the bottle. They laughed at him at first, but he spoke so earnestly that they finally believed him.

Judging by his long beard, the story of the golf players, the absence of the dog and his father's death so many years before, there was only one solution to the problem. He had slept for nearly twenty years.

Tim slept that night in the hayloft, but before the inmates of the cottage arose he had chopped the wood, pumped water for the cows and horses, and done many other chores. His willingness to work pleased the owner of the farm and he was engaged as gardener. He

was rather slow at first, but he soon became familiar with the work and remained with these people on the old farm the rest of his life.

The next and last time Tim ran away was when he eloped with the hired girl. Upon their return they were pardoned by the bride's parents and lived in peace and joy ever after.

Diogenes

DIOGENES, *on a street corner in Athens, is sitting on his tub, with a lighted lantern in his hand.*
A BOY *comes along singing.*

Boy. The sky is bright, the air is light,
I'm going out to fly my kite.

Diogenes. Such waste of time you ne'er should make,
A moment lost, a grave mistake.

Boy, suddenly noticing Diog. Why, Mr. Man! How queer you look!
Why that strange tub and lantern hook?

Diog. An honest man I seek, you see;
I know not where this man can be.
For many years, through thick and thin,
I've used this light to look for him,
And now I go to that New World
Where Washington his flag unfurled,
And there I'll search the land throughout
If Standard Oil affairs hold out.
My lantern bright through day and night,
Shall shine in Congress and House White;
Investigate the Senate Hall,
And in New York the street called Wall.

Boy. Ah, Mr. Man, my papa said
'Twere just as well if you were dead,
If honest men you seek. I fear
You might as well stay with us here.
The tub's use you do not explain;
Do you use it to keep off rain?
Or do you carry it around
To keep from sitting on the ground?

Diog. The tub my simple mansion is,
Concerning which you should not "quiz."
In pleasures gross I take no part;
Joy dwelleth not within my heart.
As Wagner says, and you'll agree,
The "Simple Life" 's the thing for me.

Boy. The dinner bell, and I must go!
My mother goes to club, you know.
Good-bye, old man; don't feel so blue! [*Exit.*

Diog. O joyful youth! O thoughtless days!
Thou'rt well deserving of my praise. [*Exit.*

Freshman Year in the High School

I HAVE heard that the Freshman year in the High School is the most trying of all, and after I entered the High School I came to the conclusion that this was so. Some of the Juniors or Seniors always have a word to say about "Those green Freshmen," forgetting that they themselves were once in the Freshman year.

The first day I was in High School two other Freshmen and myself were walking down the street when we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of higher class pupils. The first thing they did was to lead or rather drag us back to the school house and lock us in a vacant room on the second floor. Of course we could not get out and could do nothing but wait and take the results. After being imprisoned there about an hour, we heard some one coming up stairs; then a click at the latch revived our hopes and in walked the janitor with broom and dust pan in hand. He was somewhat surprised to see us, but we told him how we came to be there and he had a good laugh at our expense. We went home that night not caring whether we ever saw the school-house again or not.

The next day, which was Tuesday, we made up our minds to go back and try it again, but this time we had more trouble and every one of the Freshmen boys were in it. The upper class pupils caught us and led us into a vacant room in the school-house. They blindfolded us and led us out of the building, we knew not where, and then turned us loose. We were some little time getting the rags off our eyes; when we did get them off, we found ourselves in a small grove near the school-house. Just then the school bell rang and we all ran for the school-house, arriving there just two minutes late. We were out of breath and felt as though we would like to be out of the room, for the whole school, excluding the Freshmen, was in a roar of laughter.

We were excused for being tardy, and in order that it would not happen again the teacher gave the Juniors a little talk; he told them that he thought they were carrying their fun a little too far, and the Freshies agreed with him. After that we were not bothered any more, but were considered a part of the school.

WHAT appropriate initials George A. Bigelow has!

The Prospector

IN THE summer of 1903, on the Mojave desert, a solitary traveler might have been seen wending his way towards the White Mountains. He was riding a patient, long-eared burro, and was followed by another, heavily packed. These creatures may fitly be called the "Ships of the American Desert," and are the best of man's friends in the mountains.

With his two dumb companions the man steadily traveled farther and farther into the heart of the mountains, and late that evening he lighted his campfire in a rugged ravine, where sage-brush and other shrubs peculiar to the mountains of Nevada can be seen as far as the eye can reach. After he had cooked and eaten his evening meal, he sat by the fire and smoked his pipe. At a distance his donkeys were tethered, cropping and enjoying the green grass after their day of travel.

There is an attractive side to the life of a prospector, however, for he has always before him the tantalizing hope of some day discovering a wealth of golden treasure and having all the bright hopes of this life realized. It is this that keeps hundreds of men chained to this solitary existence, although not to more than one in a thousand, perhaps, does the bright hope prove more than a delusion. But the prospector retains this hope until at last he dies a lonely death in some dreary mountain waste.

The prospector of whom I am speaking had been prospecting for many years, but had done little more than make a scanty livelihood.

The next morning he packed up his belongings and started on his journey. "Jim," as he was known, was traveling towards a canyon far back in the mountains, where he expected to make his fortune.

About a week before the events related, Jim had spent a night at the bedside of a sick Indian. He had come to the camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and found the Indian about to die. Jim did what he could for the sick man, but knew it was of no avail. Towards morning the Indian, realizing he could not live much longer, told Jim of a canyon where gold had been found.

"I was there many years ago," he said, "but have not been there since, because a white man would take the gold from me." But telling the story had weakened him; he fell back unconscious, and in a few minutes breathed his last. The next morning Jim started out to find the canyon of which he had been told.

But there had been another listener there that night besides Jim; it was the "white man" whom the Indian had feared. It was Blank, who had many rich mines; but, not satisfied with what he had, wanted more. He had tried many times to pursuade the Indian to tell him of this place, but had been unsuccessful. Knowing that the Indian was sick, he had hung around the cabin thinking that the Indian might reveal his secret. When he found out what he wanted to know he jumped on his horse and rode away.

On the afternoon of the third day Jim came to the canyon. He then staked out his claim and went to work. Some three hours later up rode Blank. He alighted and Jim stopped his work and came over to inquire what he wanted. Jim furtively watched the face of the stranger and saw him look many times at the specimens of the rock which were lying on the ground. Blank asked Jim what he thought of the specimens. Jim replied, "I think they are very good." But an expression of disappointment passed over Jim's face as Blank slowly shook his head and said that he was afraid they dld not amount to much.

Blank stayed there for about a week. Jim at first had found a vein of gold, but lost it and could not find it again. At last he became very much discouraged. This was what Blank had been waiting for, and he told Jim that he would buy the claim from him, saying, "If there is not any gold I can stand the loss better than you, and you had better sell. I will give you two thousand dollars," he urged, and at last Jim very reluctantly accepted Blank's check for that amount.

With a heavy heart and disappointment written on every line of his face, Jim rode back to town. He took the check into a bank to cash it, but was told very kindly that the check was worthless. Poor Jim stumbled out of the bank, down the street—he neither knew nor cared where.

About a month later it was reported that gold had been found by Blank in the White Mountains. People talked of his luck, and wondered why it had not been found before. A town rapidly sprang up and it was called L———.

About a year later a teamster drove into the town of L——— and told of a man he had met on the desert. "I think the man's mind must have been affected," he said; "he was an old prospector, and he said that he owned the mine; that Blank had bought it from him, had given him a false check and then claimed the property."

But Jim was powerless, for he had not the money necessary to have it righted through litigation. Therefore he bore his wrong in silence, and while he again took up his hard life, he saw others reap a golden harvest out of what he knew was rightfully his.

A Reflection

How sweet to all the dreams of youth,
How fleet the course of time!
How many hours are spent for naught,
How oft for bliss sublime.

How soon will we regret the past,
Bright chances past and gone!
How diff'rent would our lives have been
How brightly our lamps shone

If in our lives each moment bright
Had had its purpose high,
If paths we'd strewn with flowers gay
And hushed each mournful sigh.

How oft I've wandered down the glen,
My mind unheeding all;
Of joys around none did I see,
Nor listened to their call.

My soul awakes! alas, too late!
Away my youth has fled;
All thro' those bright and summ'ry days
How cold my heart and dead.

O Day! thou'rt gone from me for aye,
And sadly I recall
The hours I've spent in idle dreams,
As shadows slowly fall.

Now age has stamped its fatal sign
Upon my furrowed brow,
That none may feel as I have felt
Is all I hope for now.

PROF. BROOKS. "Whence cometh the wind?"

SPENCE. "From windmills."

PROF. BROOKS. "Very good. And the air we breathe, is that manufactured also?"

SPENCE. "Certainly not; that comes from air shafts."

The Auction

A SHORT time after the close of the Civil War, in the northern part of South Carolina, a crowd of men were standing around a hay wagon, upon which was perched a man selling horses and cattle. The auctioneer had sold all of the stock except five old "plugs" which were standing in a corner of the corral. He had one of them caught and brought over to the wagon. It was a poor old horse, with long teeth. Two or three bids had been made, when an old man pushed through the crowd and in an excited voice bid fifty dollars on the horse. Of course nobody wanted the horse enough to pay that much, so the man got him. Some of the bystanders were eager to know why he wanted the horse, and he told the following story:

"In the summer of 1863 nine other men and myself were picked out to take a dispatch from our camp to the other division of the Union army, and we were ordered to make the trip as quickly as possible. If we all fell on the way the man who had the message was to tear it up.

"We started out, and had gone on our journey but ten miles when there was a roar of musketry and three of our men fell. The rest of us kept right on, however, running our horses as fast as they could go. A few miles further we came around a corner, face to face with a band of hostile men. We spurred our horses on through the throng, but I was the only one who passed them safely. I went on and was hoping I was beyond danger, when a man jumped out of the bushes and seized my bridle. Soon there was a number of men around me, and they said they would take me to headquarters.

"As they were leading me near a large gulch I saw a tree that had fallen across the canyon, and I resolved to escape by means of it. I spurred my horse and he jerked away from my captors. I turned him and down the tree we went. A volley of shots followed, coming uncomfortably close. However, I went on and delivered the message.

"I have been trying to get the horse ever since. I recognized him by the hole in his ear, which was made when we were coming down the tree. He saved my life, for if I had been recaptured I would have been hanged as a spy. I will take good care of him till he dies."

INQUIRING FRIEND. "What does the Advertising Committee do?" The answer was: "Everybody they can."

Sage Hens

THE sage-hen is a bird which is found in the western part of the United States, from Canada to Arizona. It is a species of the grouse family, and is nearly as large as a Plymouth Rock hen, which it resembles very much. The female is as large as a common chicken, but the male is much larger and of a bright black color, speckled here and there with dots of white. He ruffles his feathers like a grouse, but does not make a noise except when he flies. The young birds are nearly the same color as the sagebrush and ground, and they can hide under a bush so that it is almost impossible to find them.

These birds feed on sagebrush in the winter, and their flesh becomes bitter and is not good to eat; but in the summer they live on grass and plants, and then all the birds under three years of age lose the sage-brush taste and are very good to eat. The young sage hens are almost like chickens, but their meat is whiter and has a somewhat sweeter flavor.

Their habits are very much like those of the grouse; they build nests under the sagebrush or in the grass, by scratching a hollow place in the sand, where it is shady. They lay from eight to fifteen eggs, which look like common hens' eggs. A flock of sheep is very destructive to sage chickens, because while feeding the sheep walk on the nest and crush the eggs, sometimes killing the old birds.

The young birds can run about as soon as they are hatched, but they are exceedingly timorous. If a young bird a few weeks old is picked up by any one, it will die of fright in the hands of the person. The eggs can be put under a domestic hen and hatched, but when the little chicks are a few months old they resume their natural habits and fly away, unless their wings are clipped.

In the fall of each year the sage hens congregate in large flocks, consisting of from twenty to over one hundred birds, and then they live in the plains or rough mountains, roosting at night in cliffs or rocky ledges. They become very wild and fly when any one comes within several hundred yards of them. They stay in the mountains or plains most of the time and seldom come down to get water, as they find snow in the mountains and rain in the valley. Most of the sage hens stay in the mountains through the winter, or until the mountain brush is entirely covered with snow, and then they come down into the valley until the snow is melted.

The sage hens can fly for several miles at one flight, although in the summer they fly only a short distance. In the winter, when it is cold, they sometimes circle around in the air like flocks of ducks or geese.

The Value of the Study of English

ENGLISH is the study of the English language and of all the good literature in this tongue. From it we not only learn the rules and syntax of grammar, but we acquire an understanding of the thoughts of great men.

The poetic literature which is in our school course is such that it not only benefits us by the great thoughts it contains, but it causes our own thoughts to rise above the common every-day affairs of life and enables us to experience the soul-uplifting sensations of which the poets tell.

From our English also we learn to appreciate life; to live, not exist; to be happy and thankful; to love and to be loved; to think of all things high and noble; and last, but by no means least, to think of God and His goodness.

The prose literature teaches us of the political life of the present and past, and something of the formation of our government. It contains the opinions of great men on political questions; of philosophers on life. It comprises romances of different ages, the accounts of ancient religions and superstitions, descriptions of beautiful scenery, and thoughts which inspire us with heartfelt patriotism.

From the study of English there are benefits which we can derive from no other source.

I think if Ruskin could be with us to-day he would have no need to ask the question "Would you gossip with your housemaid or stable boy when you may talk with kings and queens?" He would plainly see that we have learned to appreciate literature.

MILTON'S voice is heard no more,
Tennyson now has crossed the shore;
Shakespeare's spirit is in the tomb,
That High School poets may have more room.

Happiness

CHALMERS has said, "The three grand essentials of happiness are: something to do, something to love, something to hope for."

Webster defined happiness as "an agreeable feeling or condition of the soul arising from good fortune or propitious happening of any kind."

Pure happiness consists of doing good, bringing sunshine into other lives, improving our minds and entertaining only the best and purest thoughts.

Gossiping about your neighbor does not make you happy or cause you to feel more friendly toward others; neither does it cause others to feel more kindly toward you.

Some may think that to hold a high social position and possess much wealth is all that is necessary to complete happiness. This is not true, for the persons who possess these things are continually under a strong mental and physical strain, and are therefore not happy but rather miserable. They are simply birds in gilded cages.

"Happiness and virtue," says Lytton, "react upon each other—the best are not only the happiest but the happiest are usually the best."

The common course of things is in favor of happiness. Joy is the rule, misery is the exception.

One of the secrets of the happy life is to be ever doing that which makes others happy. "There is more happiness in desiring than enjoying, and in loving than being loved." "Nothing more excites to everything noble and generous than virtuous love."

Another joy of life is something to hope for. "All which happens in the whole world happens through hope. No husbandman would sow a grain of corn if he did not hope it would spring up and bear good fruit. How much more we are helped on by hope in the way to eternal life?"

When John Knox was dying some one asked him if he had hope. He said nothing, but raised his finger and pointed upward, and so died. Surely he must have had hope and must have been happy in his faith.

Wagner, in his "Simple Life," says: "Joy is not in things, it is in us; and I hold to the belief that the causes of our present unrest, of this contagious discontent spreading everywhere, are in us at least as much as in exterior conditions." "Whenever life is simple and sane, true pleasure accompanies it as fragrance does uncultivated flowers."

Many are heard to remark, "If I had just half as much wealth as Astor or Vanderbilt I know I should be happy."

The man who works from day to day on his little farm and lives a simple life is happier than the great railroad magnate whose office is crowded from morning till night and who is constantly in the whirl and buzz of business.

Life is what we make it. The person who is truthful is happier than he who tries to work a way through the world by falsehood. "Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests upon truth."

Yet bear in mind that to be happy is not the purpose for which you are placed upon this earth.

Thankfulness

We should give thanks to God for every day
Which He has giv'n to us so full of bliss;
We should be thankful for the month of May,
And not a single blessing should we miss.

We think too little of the joys of life,
Our only thoughts are of ourselves and ours;
We do not live beyond this busy strife,
But only think how slowly drag the hours.

Why not make every day as dear and sweet
As breath of new-mown hay in summer time?
As flowers which we tramp beneath our feet?
As yonder church's joyous morning chime?

If we should listen for the gladsome sounds,
And see the beauties of God's out-of-doors,
And break away from our restricting bounds,
And love the things which our dear Lord adores

Perhaps we would not weary of ourselves,
Nor grumble that our lot should thus be cast.
We would not wish, as now, that some kind elves
Would bear us off until this age is passed.

Be glad that thou art given chance to live,
And from thy hands let noble actions come.
Why are we on this earth unless to give,
Something which others may gain goodness from?

EDNA. Oh! I do admire Art!

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THIS, the second advent of the PIÑON, we hope will be appreciated and patronized by all those interested in the progress of the High School. We hope that this little journal may be a worthy successor to the last and that each succeeding year will find great improvement in this work. The staff is composed of young and inexperienced pupils, but we trust the faithful discharge of duties may win its reward.

THE Alumni this year receives one more member into its ranks. Let us turn our thoughts for a time to the six hopeful graduates who left our school just one year ago and let us follow them through their various careers. One of the graduates is now the "mistress of a mansion." Here we find her even more sweet and charming than we deemed her while she was with us at school, where she daily brought sunshine into the hearts of those with whom she came in contact. Two are teachers—successful and pleasant ones, too. Another, after trying the position of telephone girl, has returned to her home to live for the good she may do for others. The two boys among the number have been for the last year enjoying gay college life. They are looking forward very hopefully to the future.

We are trying to depict the new member of the alumni in some pleasant and beautiful work. That she may succeed in her every venture is the wish of all, for

"None know her but to love her,
None name her but to praise."

NUMEROUS benefits are derived from the annual publication of the PIÑON, and I will here endeavor to put forth one or two of the most important of these. The following benefits, with many others perhaps not quite so evident, are derived by almost any High School from the publication of a journal:

The weekly writing of compositions, in which each pupil puts forth his or her best efforts, gives each a stronger, clearer and better manner of expression, awakens the sleeping faculties and encour ages us to express pleasant and interesting thoughts which otherwise perhaps would have remained unexpressed.

This writing not only cultivates our power of expression and use of grammar, but it also improves our spelling and penmanship.

Another benefit to us is the advertising of our school work, progress and accomplishments. It enables those not directly connected with the school to make an estimate of the work done in the school.

THE High School in this community raises it to a much higher standard. It aids the grammar department by instilling in the pupils a desire to get out of the lower grades and to enter the High School. If we had no High School here many who are not in the best circumstances, and consequently unable to go away from here to some city to attend school, would have no reason for attempting to graduate from grammar schools.

Word from Home

In foreign lands, on distant shores,
  Through cities great and small we roam.
Still nothing we may see can bring
  The same delight as word from home.

When melancholy stirs the mind,
  And truth seems only good for naught,
Past hope and courage both return
  When loving word from home is brought.

Though dangers bar the path to right,
  And thoughts are dark as Egypt's loam,
How joy and right come rushing back
  From loving thoughts in words from home!

A Trip to Los Angeles

ON June 12th, 1901, I left home to take my first trip to Los Angeles. We left Laws at 3 o'clock, on the train bound for Keeler, arrived at that town about 5 o'clock and, after eating supper, took the stage for Mojave.

The "stage" was a rickety affair and the horses were so poor that they looked unable to carry the harness. The driver piled our luggage on and, bidding farewell to our friends, we departed at 8 o'clock in the evening. The dreary road wound around Owens Lake, a sluggish body of water which apparently had no outlet. We soon reached Olancha, where we changed horses. The coyotes were howling and we all began to feel as if we had reached a "jumping off place."

While riding during the night our stage driver interested us by telling how heavily the stage was loaded; he said he expected that it would break down any minute, or that one of the horses would break a tug. I doubted the latter part of his story, for the poor beasts looked too poor to be able to break a tow string. For a little variation, he would tell us about the notorious bandit, Vasquez, and his band; how they used to waylay the stage, tie up the driver and passengers and rob them, and sometimes tie them on wild horses or mules, without a bridle or rope to guide them, letting them go over the desert to be killed or to starve to death. Many of these victims were never heard of afterward.

While jogging along listening to these thrilling tales, one could almost see a Knight of the Road step from behind the cactus and order "hands up." The driver pointed out to us the ghost of Vasquez's white horse, which went along the road with us until we reached Rose Springs, a short distance this side of Little Lake. It is told that after Vasquez was killed his horse still continued to travel over the "beat" of the Vasquez band until he went crazy. After he went crazy he saw a railroad train one day, and in trying to run it down he was run over and killed, but his ghost continued to travel over the desert road in search of its master.

The ghost and the little white fences around the lonely graves dotted along on the dreary desert is a mental picture I wish I could forget. One of these fences marks the graves of two little girls who died of smallpox. Their broken-hearted father and mother had to leave their forms in a lonely spot twenty miles from habitation, where the night hawks and coyotes held requiem.

Morning came at last. How I welcomed it, for it seemed that the night had been a long and horrible nightmare. At 6 o'clock we found ourselves at Little Lake. After we had eaten breakfast and obtained fresh horses we started again.

Down Sand Canyon there is a very heavy piece of road. This was a hard pull and our horses were very tired. At 12 o'clock we reached Coyote Holes, where we had a good lunch and a little rest. Mr. Raymond, the station keeper, was a genial old gentleman. He gave me a beautiful bouquet of sweet peas and pansies, which I appreciated very much, in such a desert locality. Then he took me to see the dogs, chickens and goats, which were his pets and companions. Soon we bade him good-bye and started over the plain again.

After a few hours, we reached Red Rock Canyon, famous for its beautifully colored rocks. I had read descriptions of the Alhambra, Edinboro and other famous castles, and these structures were called to mind by the rocks piled up in various shapes. The water at some of the springs in this canyon is poisonous to both man and beast. At the lower end of the canyon are the remains of a small, deserted mining town called Goler.

After leaving Red Rock we wended our way around the foothills until we reached the Eighteen Mile House. Here we obtained different horses and another driver. The latter proved to be a crazy boy, who wished to give us the ride of our lives. We reached Mojave about 5 o'clock that evening. We had supper, and owing to a wreck on the railroad, were forced to stay in that town until the next morning.

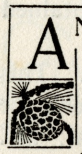
After these various experiences we reached Los Angeles, where we enjoyed our visit thoroughly.

FATHER. "This is the sunset my daughter painted. Studied abroad, you know."

FRIEND. "Oh, that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."

"Oh! what a horrid thing," thought George,
"To travel home at two!
I wish I had behaved myself;
I guess Mr. Brooks does, too."

Value of a High School Education



N EDUCATION of some kind is the foundation upon which we build our lives, and the kind of an education determines whether we shall be able to withstand the storms of life.

Some give as their excuse for not going to High School that they do not intend to go to college and it will not be necessary for them to have an education to perform the work they expect to do. But we must remember that our plans to-day and those we may have fifteen or twenty years from now might not be the same. A person who decides to-day that he does not need an education will live to regret that decision bitterly. If we do not have a definite plan as to what our future work will be, let us secure a good high school education at least, and by that time a desire for more knowledge will probably be awakened and then we can secure a higher education if desired.

A famous writer has said that the only great thing in the world is man and the only great thing in man is mind, and the difference of minds in men is principally the difference of development. We should therefore endeavor to obtain as good an education as possible, so that we may be prepared to help solve life's problems. Seneca has said: "As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation cannot produce good fruit." Our lives are like houses; if they are built firmly they will withstand the storm, but if they are built upon a loose foundation they will be only failures.

The questions arise: Is a high school education necessary? Is it practical? What is a practical education? All must agree that the practical education is the one that will enable the possessor to do the most good. Statistics inform us that one uneducated person in 150,000 wins renown. But by passing through the high school one's chances are increased twenty-three fold over the common school graduate, and eighty-four fold over the uneducated person. Does this not show us that a high school education is beneficial?

The time when self-made men are the ones sought for is rapidly passing away. Why? Because the world wishes men with enlightened minds to conduct its affairs. Educated men and women are better able to carry on the world's great work; to aid their fellow men; and to live, in the true sense of the word. Life is not measured by dollars and cents, but rather by our ability to understand its truths. If we will

dip deep into these truths we obtain much more enjoyment from life.

Then the studies of the High School; are they useful? Will the study of languages, sciences, history, etc., be of any benefit to us? Yes; we would be benefited by these studies all our lives. In the study of languages we learn the history of our English vocabulary; and if we enter the professional world the study of languages, such as Latin, will be necessary. Also, in reading the works of the famous ancient writers we gain much more of the real value of their productions by reading them in the original language, as a translation invariably loses power and beauty. The study of science gives us a knowledge of principles and causes, and teaches us truths of life. Hamilton has said: "Science is a complement of cognition, having in point of form the character of real truth." By the study of history we become acquainted with the greatest men of all ages, and by comparing the events of the past with those of to-day we can realize in a fuller sense the progress of humanity. As Lamartine has said: "History teaches us everything, even the future."

When the student is at high school he is at the age during which the foundations of his future life are most firmly laid, and if he is influenced in the right direction his life may be of benefit to others. One writer has said: "The high school teacher does his greatest work when he discovers gifted pupils, inspires them to go to college, and thereby saves God-given talent from being buried in obscurity." If a teacher inspires his pupils with a desire to climb higher he may save for humanity a brilliant mind. The home is essential to the development of the child, but if there is no training the talent may be buried. If we trace the lives of great men we usually find that it was the teacher who inspired a desire to achieve something higher.

The value of an education is plainly shown by the lives of two men. One had received what is termed a practical education and the other was a college graduate. They both entered the same business; the one with a practical education was able to do one thing well, but when there was a call to fill a higher office the man with a college education was the one chosen. He was able to advance, while the other was fitted for but one place.

The aim of an education is to teach us to think and act for ourselves, and by investigating the thoughts and deeds of others our own are influenced. How true are the words of Chapin: "Into what boundless life does education admit us. Each truth gained through it expands a moment of time into illimitable being, positively enlarges our

existence, and endows with qualities which time cannot weaken or destroy." An education is the most valuable thing a man can possess, and it is the one thing that cannot be taken from him. It is not the uneducated man who mounts the ladder of success; the man with a fuller understanding of the truth of life is the one whose name is written on the roll of fame. "The stream cannot rise higher than its source," and in our lives, if we do not have an education, we cannot hope to climb very high. We cannot draw water from an empty well, neither can we draw inspiration from a mind that has never been cultivated.

The chances of a college student are increased nine-fold over those of a high school graduate, so we learn that the higher our education the better position we shall fill in the world.

We should remember that an education will not harm us, but it will be a benefit to us whatever our vocation may be. The public schools and colleges of to-day are well equipped for advancing the cause of humanity; we should seize our opportunities now and secure an education. We should bear in mind that it is never best to put off till to-morrow what we can do to-day; let us not, therefore, put off our education, as we have no knowledge of future conditions or demands. Many have lived bitterly to regret their delay; now is the time to prepare for life, and the higher our education, the better we are fitted to live and to help others to live.

Winnedumah

EAST of the town of Independence, the county seat of Inyo county, high on the summit of the Inyo mountains, Winnedumah stands out clear and stately against the azure of the eastern sky. This marvelous work of Nature towers over eighty feet above the surface of the surrounding country—tall, slender, magnificent in its lonely grandeur.

There is an interesting Paiute legend connected with Winnedumah, whence its name. This is a favorite story told on cold winter nights when all the Indian family is gathered around the pine fire. Winnedumah is the hero of the Paiutes and they never tire of hearing tales of his deeds.

Winnedumah was the chief of the Paiute tribe, which once inhabited this region, and his brother, Tinnemaha, was the magician of his

people. For many years they lived in peace and happiness, but finally trouble seemed inevitable. The hostile Shoshones, whose hunting grounds adjoined those of the Paiutes, began to trespass; they chased and slew their game, filled the mountain springs with soil, and stole their piñon harvest.

At last Winnedumah could endure these wrongs no longer, and began war against the intruders. Soon the two tribes met in battle. They fought valiantly all day until sunset, when an arrow struck Tinnemaha and he fell. His death struck terror to the hearts of the Paiutes, who believed that they would meet with sure defeat when their magic-maker was dead, and they took refuge in flight. Winnedumah alone lingered on the field of battle, calling for his brother, whom he soon found lying face upward, stark and stiff; and he knew that Tinnemaha's spirit had fled to the happy hunting grounds.

The Shoshones were pressing down upon him and despair wrung his heart, yet he did not fear, because he knew that Taupee, the god of the Paiutes, would protect him. He called to his god and his call was answered faithfully. Just as the Shoshones were about to seize him he was changed into a granite boulder, towering high above his disappointed enemies.

Taupee's work was not yet finished. Fearful because of this great miracle which had been performed before their very eyes, the Shoshones turned and scurried down the hillside. But Taupee, in his wrath, caught them and turned them into little pine trees, which ever gaze up in envy at the tall and stately Winnedumah.

[NOTE.—There are several versions of this legend; the one here given is that related in Mrs. Mary Austin's poem "Winnedumah."]

EDNA. "Wouldn't it be nice to have half the students dull and half bright?"

ESTHER. "I would rather see them Al(l)bright."

ORA, in a manner coy,
Smiles at Lunsford, darling boy;
Thinks that Teacher sees it not—
Teacher's always On-the-Spot.

A Mistaken Impression

"MAMMA, why does Thomas Jackson come here so much of late?" asked Mary Buckham, who was seventeen the month before.

She stood in the kitchen door watching, or seeming to watch, her mother, who was baking a cake for supper. She usually let Mary bake the cakes, but she wanted this one to be exceedingly nice because Thomas was going to dine with her and her daughter that evening.

After gazing in open-eyed astonishment upon her daughter for full five minutes, she said: "Land sakes, girl! Haven't you seen for the last six months what he has been hanging around here for? Don't you know your father has been dead for nigh on two years?" Then, turning to her work: "It's time I was looking for a father for you."

This plunged Mary into deep thinking. She had hoped he was coming to see her. She had dreamed of being mistress of a neat little cottage, and had pictured herself standing in the door waiting for Thomas as he was coming from his work. Now her dreams had all vanished, and instead she was to be only his daughter. Perhaps it would be as well.

Thomas Jackson was the son of farmer Jackson, who lived about two miles away. He had begun to think of getting a wife, as most boys do at the age of twenty-five, and of late he had visited the Buckhams several times.

Widow Buckham sang gaily while preparing supper. Mary went slowly upstairs to dress for the evening, and soon returned to finish supper while her mother went to make her toilet.

Mrs. Buckham had been upstairs but a few minutes when the door bell rang. Mary hesitatingly went to the door, and for a moment stood face to face with Thomas. After suppressing a sigh, while her heart was thumping, she said: "Come in."

"Certainly," he said, raising his hat.

"Will you take a chair? Mamma will be down in a minute. I will—"

"It isn't your mother I want to see. How soon will she be down? Well, then, I will have to be quick with what I have to say. I have waited long for this chance to see you alone, Mary." Stepping closer and speaking in a low and tender tone, which made Mary's heart beat faster, he said: "I would love to make you all my own. Will you be my wife?"

Mary looked amazed, and then, bending her head, she whispered softly and sweetly "Yes." What happened next? Well, it is the same old story.

Then they heard a step on the stairs. "I must go; here comes mamma," said Mary, hurrying to the kitchen. Mrs. Buckham came softly into the room and Thomas rose and greeted her.

While they were eating supper Mrs. Buckham merrily talked away, but Mary was silent, blushing whenever Thomas looked her way. After supper Mrs. Buckham said: "Mary, hurry and clear the table, then join us in the sitting room."

"Mrs. Buckham," said Thomas, after taking a chair, "I want to ask you a question."

"Oh, do you? How nice of you! Quick, before Mary comes!"

"I want to—to as—ask you—"

"Hurry, or she will be here," said Mrs. Buckham, moving her chair closer, and leaning forward, watching his face closely.

"I came to ask you for your daughter."

"Oh, for my daughter!" dropping back into her chair. After five minutes of painful silence, she answered slowly, "I guess you may have her; I would like so much to have you for a son."

When Mary entered the room her mother left them for the first time.

That fall Mary stood in the cottage door awaiting the return of Thomas. Her dreams had come true.

Sonnet to a Rose

Of all the lovely blossoms e'er that grew,
One flower there is more beautiful to me
Than all the others, fair though they may be—
A dark-red floweret of the deepest hue.
Its soft, sweet petals gently do unfold,
And breathe into its heart the summer air,
Emitting in return its fragrance rare.
Love's emblem, beauty's symbol we behold.
A thought of sadness mingles with the sweet,
A deep regret that it must soon decay,
Reminding us that life is brief and fleet,
And love and beauty, too, will pass away.
But as a new year doth the rose restore,
In heav'n will love and beauty bloom once more.

Sailing of the U. S. Army Transport "Sherman."

IT was a bright, sunshiny afternoon in October, 1903, when I left my boarding place on Larkin street, San Francisco, to go down town. In the morning I had seen a troop of soldiers, belonging to the Fourth United States Infantry, marching down Geary street from the Presidio, and I had wondered where they were going. So when I went home to dinner, I picked up a late paper and happened to see in the "marine news" a notice saying that the U. S. Transport "Sherman" would sail for Manila at 1 o'clock that afternoon.

After seeing this notice I knew the reason for the soldiers' appearance on the streets and at once made up my mind to see them off on the transport. This was my reason for going to town that afternoon. As soon as could I boarded a street car, which took me to the corner of Ninth and Brannan streets. From this place I walked down Brannan and then up to the Folsom street wharf, where the "Sherman" lay.

When I arrived at the wharf, I was surprised to find that the soldiers whom I had seen before were not going to sail, for the Seventh Infantry were just marching aboard, amid the cheers of the people and of their comrades, the Fourth. I was so much interested in the embarkation of the regiment that at first I failed to notice the officers standing near.

Three in particular attracted my attention, on account of their bright uniforms. These were Major-General McArthur, Second-Lieut. Douglas McArthur and Second-Lieut. U. S. Grant III. The first named was the General commanding the Military Department of California, the second was his son, who had just graduated from West Point at the head of his class; the third was another West Pointer, who had just come from the Academy, where his father and grandfather had been educated. These two young men were very erect, and their neat uniforms of blue with new shoulderstraps made them very conspicuous. The girls were very much excited over them, and showered flowers and gifts upon them.

Soon the great whistle on the transport warned all visitors to leave the boat and all tardy passengers to get aboard. So the two Lieutenants, with the officers of the Seventh, went aboard, the great gangplank was hauled into place and the ship was made ready to sail.

Again the whistle sounded and two large tugs approached and fastened hawsers on the "Sherman" in order to tow her out into the bay. A third time the whistle blew and then the great vessel began

to back away from the dock. Along the railing of the deck the Seventh stood and cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, while the people on the shore sang "Auld Lang Syne."

After the vessel had gone out a short distance, the band belonging to the Fourth struck up an army tune and they with their comrades started back to the Presidio. The crowd began to leave the wharf about this time, but I still watched the ship until the tugs cut loose and the "Sherman" was started on its long voyage to Manila.

I then turned, left the wharf and went home, well satisfied with my afternoon's sight-seeing.

John Alden and Priscilla

"I come to ask a favor, sweet maid,"
Bashful yet honest John Alden said.
Priscilla, sitting at her spinning,
Glanced up, half shy, and oh so winning,
At John, who blushed and smiled with pleasure
To think of owning such a treasure.
A thousand thoughts whirled through his brain.
Could there be really any gain

To throw aside his faith and trust,
And lose the friend who was so just?
"Whate'er you wish is yours," she said,
And then her glances wandering sped
Across the meadow, cool and green;
Indifferent was her quiet mein,
Her cheeks a brilliant red in hue,
Her eyes a dreamy azure blue.

"I come in behalf of friendship's band,
To ask of you your heart and hand."
"Oh, John," she said, then softly sighed,
Her cheeks and neck with blushes dyed.
She hung her head, and in her hair
The sunbeams held a country fair.
"Its meaning naught will be to me,
Except the joy of Miles to see."

"Miles, who?" she said, and then a spark
Of fire in her eye was marked.
"Why, Standish; I supposed you knew
Of all his tender love so true."
"Oh, no!" she said, and tears of woe
Across her snow-white cheeks did flow,
And, gazing in his eyes so blue,
She whispered "John, it's up to you."

George Washington's Birthday

GEORGE Washington Stuart was proud of his name. George Washington Stuart had many synonyms for his name. His mother, a stout colored woman with a red bandana on her head, called him "Gawge Washington Stuat." As for the boys, they called him "Washie." This he resented with all his heart and often with his little black fists also, for it sounded too much like Chinese; George's pet aversion was Chinamen, especially since he had attempted to cut off a queue, was discovered in the act and chased home under menace of a butcher knife.

At the opening of my story, our famous George was about to celebrate his eighth birthday—an important event, I assure you, for all the pickaninnies on the plantation were invited to attend this festive gathering. On the morning of this important day Mammy Stuart had come into the little vine-covered bed room and awakened all her little pickaninnies by a tweak on the ear, and a "Get up thar, honey; yo' sho'ly doan' wan' ter miss the pawty, do yo'? An' hyar thar, Thomas Jefferson, yo' get up an' go ovah an' borrer M's Malindy Jawnsing's speckle' roostah; Ah wan' ter bak' it foh ter-da." The lad addressed proceeded to array himself, a feat which he performed in an incredibly short space of time.

Soon the little cabin beneath the orange trees was all astir. Even the honeysuckle, peering in at the windows, seem to awaken and smile at the occupants, and the great fragrant magnolia blossoms seemed to want to add their delicate sweetness to the happy little home in the grove.

If some one had come near the cabin at that time a very tempting odor would have greeted his nostrils, and caused him to wish that he was one of "Gawge Washington's" friends.

At the height of the excitement Miss Lucy appeared. At this juncture there was, if possible, still greater excitement than before, for one of Miss Lucy's visits was joyfully welcomed by the negroes on her father's plantation.

Lucy was a tall, slender girl, with large, expressive dark eyes and a wealth of wavy dark hair. Her eyes had a sad, far-away look which gave her the appearance of habitual weariness, although her erect stature contradicted this impression.

She hailed Mammy Stuart with: "Well, Aunt Sarah, so to-day

is George Washington's birthday, isn't it? And you're going to have a party, are you? How nice!

"Aunt Sarah, can't I help you in some way? I'm tired of doing nothing; mamma has gone to the city and told me to do anything I wanted to, so can't I make the children some taffy or something?"

Aunt Sarah hailed this with delight, but had to protest.

"Now sho'ly, honey, yo' don' s'pose yo' ol' mammy's gwine toh 'low huh baby chile toh burn huh sweet, purty face ah cookin' foh some no 'count niggers, doh yo'?"

However, Miss Lucy won her point and was soon installed in the office of taffymaker for "Washington's Birthday."

At 1:30 the guests began to arrive; the lawn in front of the cabin resembled a rainbow, from the colors of the red, blue, green and yellow garments of the little guests.

The table was spread out under the orange trees, making a pretty sight, with its snowy cloth and the little black wooly heads tied with bright-hued ribbons, forming a complete border.

Here and there flitted Miss Lucy. She seemed to add to the picturesque scene; in a simple white gown, with a delicate bunch of blue forget-me-nots tucked in at her belt, she herself was a picture.

Miss Lucy loved to do this. Her friends and relatives thought her odd, because of this fondness for teaching the negroes on her father's place and mingling with them, but Miss Lucy loved them and they all loved her.

As the meal progressed, and as "M's Malindy Jawnsing's" rooster was fast disappearing, a horse's hoof-beat was heard on the magnolia drive. Soon a lone horseman came into view. He was a tall, light-complexioned fellow, dressed in a riding suit which served the purpose of showing off to the best advantage his fine physique. He appeared with the bridle rein carelessly thrown over his arm, his soft gray hat pushed back from his broad, white forehead. He was leading a beautiful dark chestnut mare, which had an expression of pain in her almost human eyes, and a decided limp in her delicate fore leg.

When he came to the negroes' quarters he did not see Miss Lucy, for she had gone up to the house to superintend the bringing down a large freezer full of ice cream. This had been left to the last, to add to the surprise. He stepped forward and asked if "Uncle Jim" was there, saying that on the way his horse had picked up a stone, and he asked the loan of an animal untll he could go home and procure another mount. It was important that he should reach his destination before sundown.

Suddenly the host of the gay little party jumped down and scampered away fast as his little short legs could take him. He soon reappeared, however, pulling Miss Lucy by the hand and panting like an engine.

"I brunged huh, Marse Herbert; see, I dun tole huh the'h wa' a poh hungry man wan'ned toh see huh, an' she com'd."

As the two met face to face they paled perceptibly. Herbert Spencer was the first to speak.

"Lucy," he said slowly, "I thought you had gone to the city for the day with your mother. I saw the carriage pass, and imagined I could see your fair face at the window, or I never should have come to annoy you with my presence."

"And I thought you had gone north. I knew you had come home from abroad, and heard that you left the following morning for New York."

There was nothing particularly encouraging in Lucy's reply, but something in her voice and manner lead him to hope that their bitter quarrel of a year ago was forever ended.

Let us leave them now, while they are trying to make up that long and dreary year in a few short, happy moments under the tall magnolia, and return to our friend, George Washington.

As we now see him, George Washington is disputing with one of his guests over the last piece of cake. "I'se oughter to hab dat, 'cause I'se ah guhl." "And I'se oughter hab it 'case I'se a lo'd of cweation. My pah hurd a man say dat down ter meetin' onct," expostulated George. Here their feelings became too much for them; they grabbed each other's wool and oh, how it flew! This proceeding Aunt Sarah quickly stopped by giving the lord of creation a vigorous cuff on the ear and sending the whole crowd of pickaninnies home.

Now we may return to the couple we so recently left.

"And oh! Herb," Lucy was saying in her soft southern accent, "I wasn't coming back again to George's party, because I was so tired; but when he told me that story about the poor, hungry man I came down—and saw you."

"Just like you, sweetheart; always thinking of some one besides yourself. But just think of George, the quick-witted little rascal! Lucy, we've got to give him something," and they fell to planning, regardless of the fact that Herbert had an important engagement at the setting of the sun. That unruly part of nature had already set, and was bathing the clouds in beautiful tints of red and gold.

Every cloud has a silver lining; now these young people felt that their long separation had only endeared them to each other, and made them overlook each other's failings all the more quickly.

And George Washington? That night, as he nestled down his kinky pate, happy in the possession of a generous bag of sugar plums and the promise of a bicycle on the morrow, he announced that it was the best birthday he had ever spent—in spite of the lost ice cream.

Toast to Inyo

Here's to Inyo, well beloved,
With her smiling skies so fair.
Here's to her Sierras tall,
With their grand and stately air.

Here's to the pioneers, old and gray
Many of whom have passed away,
And solved the mystery, which all
Of us must solve some day.

Few there are who now remain
To remind us of the past;
Foremost in our hearts are they,
And as our "nobles" they are classed.

Here's to the wives and mothers true
Who did their very best
To make this lovely vale of ours
A home of peace and rest.

Here's to the noble sons and brave
Who hallow the colors three;
Smiling at the foeman's frown,
Ready to fight for liberty.

Here's to the daughters, fair and good;
With laughing eyes so sparkling bright,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
The world they hold within their might.

Remember then, whe'er you go,
There's no place like "home, sweet home;"
And think of dear old Inyo,
As o'er the wide world you roam!

WE are all looking forward to the time when Arthur and Ben will be so good that Mr. Brooks and Miss Rogers will make Kate and Susie change their seats.

A Vision

The cares of the day are over,
And the night is coming fast.
I sit alone in the twilight
To think of the day that is past.
The moon in splendor arises
O'er the tall mountain crest,
And the stars are gazing softly
Upon the world at rest.

I am weary, and soon in my dreaming
Appears before me the face
Of one so stern, who points sadly
To the page in her hand. No trace
Of comfort is written upon it,
For I see, through that misspent day,
Blighted hopes and sorrowful hearts
Which at morn were bright and gay.

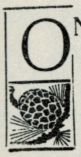
The kind deed I might have done
To cheer some heart on its way,
The thoughtless word that has saddened
For my dearest friend the day.
I beg to return and speak gently,
To leave something else but grief
Behind. How I long to bring
To some aching heart relief!

"Ah, no!" the answer. "But one
Chance alone to mortals giv'n."
"Let me go to the friend I have wronged."
"Too late; that soul is in heav'n!
Remember this warning; the hours
You cannot recall, nor the day
Bring back. They were giv'n you once,
But now they are gone for aye!"

The angel leaves me; and, weeping,
I bow my head in shame.
I feel a touch on my shoulder,
And some one speaks my name.
I look upon one so fair—
Eyes soft as the moon's bright beams,
Her hair like the midnight, set
With stars of tenderest gleams.

'Tis Hope who speaks: " 'T is not given
To live again; but you may
Cheer some lonely life on its path.
Go! Mar not another day!"
I shall ne'er the vision forget;
And resolve that all of my life
I will try to make others happy,
And cause no sorrow or strife.

How I Spent an Afternoon



NE day during second haying over at the ranch Dick Free was helping Bill Crowley stack. He became so tired during the forenoon that in the afternoon he said he wanted to lay off and go up Redding Canyon to get a sledge hammer which he had left there four years previous. His laying off of course stopped the whole crew, and as I did not want to pull weeds, chop wood, or irrigate, I asked Dick if he did not want me to go with him. He said "Yes."

I told the boss that Dick wanted me to go with him and he said "All right;" so I saddled Louis and we started out.

We traveled several miles before we saw anything very interesting, for we were going through the foothills and it was too late in the season for flowers.

Finally we reached the lowest spring in the canyon, where the water was being taken away to run the Poleta mine. All along the canyon more springs were to be seen, and grass, willows and birch brush were abundant. The further we went the more beautiful the scenery became, till at last we reached the piñon timber. The cool breeze made the usual sound through the trees, and Dick, being an Indian, began telling me about gathering pinenuts. He pointed to places that had once been good for pinenuts, but are so no longer on account of scarcity of rain.

Dick surprised me with some superstition, for I never knew before that he had any, although I had been with him all summer and had heard him tell about scaring Frenchmen with ghost stories. He told me that several years ago an old Indian had gathered a great quantity of pinenuts in these mountains, and had buried them somewhere in Black Canyon, consequently pinenuts had been very scarce ever since.

I smiled a little and we passed on, leaving behind the prospectors' cabins, the woodpackers' trails and Indian huts, all of which were deserted. We finally drew up our horses in front of the spring near the head of the canyon. There we dismounted, ate our small luncheon, watered our horses and replaced our saddles to ease our horses' backs. After lunch we again went on our way.

When we were about half a mile from the summit, Dick stopped his horse out in the woods, by no particular landmark. He said his sledge hammer was over there, a little way off, if nobody had found it during the four years that had gone by. I held his horse, and in five or

ten minutes I heard him pounding. Presently he returned and tied the hammer to his saddle.

We went on over the mountain down into Black Canyon, and then up this canyon about half a mile and arrived at Jesse Fox's cabin. No one was here, for Mr. Fox had died some time previously. Dick thought that his tools, such as axes, hammers, etc., would be there and he could secure an axe, but too many had been there before us.

It was then after sundown, so we started for home. Though it was at least fifteen miles away, it was impossible to ride faster than a walk going down the canyon, which was more than two-thirds of the way. I do not know what time we reached home that night, for the clock had stopped, but I never expect to make a more pleasant trip.

Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is one of the greatest blessings which men enjoy. If it were not for friendship this world would be cold and miserable. According to Webster, "Friendship is an attraction to a person proceeding from an intimate acquaintance and a reciprocation of kind offices, or from a favorable opinion of amiable qualities of the mind."

Benevolence differs from friendship. It is good will toward men in general. One does not have friendship for men in general, but for those who in some way have won it. It is a noble and virtuous attachment, which is derived from a pure source.

False friendship is of no worth. It springs up between people to whom it will be of some advantage. Such pretense is broken as soon as the object is attained. Rambler said: "There can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity." In false friendship there is neither confidence nor integrity.

A person cannot be happy without friends and friendship. Both enlarge one's opportunities for doing good. It is a poor life that is lived for one person alone, and a bright, happy and useful life that is lived for others.

A true friend would sacrifice anything for another. It is not uncommon to see an account, in the daily papers, of a person rescuing a drowning friend, or in other ways endangering his life for his associates. This is true friendship.

In the Pioneer Days

ON a sunny afternoon in a small mining camp in the White Mountains some "cow-punchers" sat conversing in low tones about something that seemed to be very interesting.

I sat about twenty-five feet away reading and every now and then I heard what some of them said, especially one fellow, by the name of Sam, who seemed to be excited and who talked much much louder than the rest.

I listened for twenty or thirty minutes and finally made up my mind to go and find out the cause of the excitement, if there was any. I went over to the group and addressed one of the men, who was of small but strong frame and whom I had known in the Northwest.

"Bill," I said, "there seems to be something very interesting in camp." He sat very still for a minute before he answered me with a "yes." Then I asked him what it was.

This time Bill started in at once to tell me that a fellow from the East by the name of Rattlesnake Fred had recently entered our camp, and had told the following story :

As he was coming over the mountains by Truckee he stayed one night at an Indian camp. The Indians told him they had found a large hill of rock speckled with gold, such as Fred had seen on a table, or a rude structure used for this purpose in the corner of the wigwam. He asked them a great many questions about this rock, and they told him if he would come back in "one moon" they would take him to the mountain of yellow rock.

Fred gave them a six-shooter for his board and lodging and a piece of this rock, which he wished to take with him. The next morning he started on horseback towards the white men's camp, which the Indians had informed him was about one hundred and fifty miles away, on the shore of a very large lake.

It took Fred five days to get to the settlement, which was made up of a small store, a saloon and a vaquero camp. He related to a vaquero what the Indians had told him, and also showed him the ore. There was no time to lose, for the month was more than half gone, and so Fred with two vaqueros started on the way back to find the Indians who had told him of the gold.

On the fourth day of their journey the three gold-seekers came to the Indian camp, only to find it deserted, for there had been a fever among the Indians and many had died, so the survivors moved north.

The only thing for Fred and his companions to do now was to try to find the Indians or the mountain of yellow rock; but after three weeks of unsuccessful search they returned to the camp which they had left with such high hopes.

This was only one of many vague reports of gold discoveries. It caused great excitement in camp for a time, but was gradually forgotten when a new "strike" was rumored.

The Beauty of Flowers

HOW many of us, as we stroll along the path of life, see the real beauty of flowers? Not one in ten, I suppose. Most of us give them only a passing glance.

Some one may pluck a flower and say "Oh, how beautiful!" or "What sweet perfume!" He may enjoy the perfume, but does he really enjoy the beauty? Perhaps not, because he does not see it.

Flowers are not confined to any particular region; they are strewn from ocean to ocean, so that every one has an opportunity to enjoy them. Even on the desert, if there is sufficient moisture for vegetation, we find flowers.

I cannot find words to express my thoughts, yet neither has any artist been able to paint anything which could compare with a flower in beauty. But just pluck a flower; note the arrangement of the parts and the harmony of colors, and you will understand my thoughts.

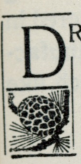
If we study real plants it gives us more knowledge than if we read books on the subject.

There are many odd corners and plats of ground that could be made beautiful by planting flowers, but people in their struggle for worldly goods do not have time for such things. So if you have a desert spot in your heart plant some flowers there.

While considering this wonderful work of nature I would ask: How can we in the light of all knowledge still say that it all just "so happened," and that there is no hand mightier than man's which wrought such beauty?

MR. BROOKS (assigning algebra problems). "Elma, you may take the fifteenth, also Ben."

Dresden China



RESDEN china was first made in a castle, which was situated on the top of a high mountain above the town of Meissen, in Germany. The first factory is known as the Royal Saxon Porcelain Manufactory. It is the oldest porcelain factory in Europe, covers fourteen acres of ground and employs seven hundred men. The inventor of this porcelain was Johann Bottger, a Saxon, who was an apothecary's apprentice in Berlin. He was always making experiments, and was in constant fear of being taken prisoner as a magician.

He went to Dresden, where he was furnished with means to carry out further experiments, but he was in reality a prisoner of Augustus the Strong, king of Saxony and Poland. In those days any one who was suspected of being a magician was confined in some place for safe keeping, for the people were of a very superstitious nature. When Saxony was invaded by the Swedes, Bottger was placed with the state treasure in the Konigstein, a fortress which was nearly a thousand feet above the Elbe River in the Biela Valley.

The Dresden china is made of fire-proof and fire-liquid compounds. Bottger first made a kind of pottery, but the red clay he used did not burn well in the fire. He afterwards combined a better clay found at Kolditz with a porcelain clay, which was discovered at Ane, and by adding feldspar he finally made a beautiful white porcelain which excels even that of Eastern Asia in hardness.

The manufactory grew in importance in the eyes of the king and finally he provided the workers with a large place to work. But Bottger did not live long after this; he died from dissipation, at the age of thirty-six.

The industry passed through great struggles till capable designers came into it in the early part of the eighteenth century. Among others were Horoldt, the painter, and Kandler, the sculptor, who gave the manufactory the air of an art institution. Kandler was a great plastic artist, and it was he who created the rococo figures which gave which gave Dresden her first importance in the art world.

The works so increased in greatness that with the introduction of the engine and coal for the kilns, the castle was no longer large enough for the business. The manufactory was then moved into new and more suitable buildings of its own in the valley. This was fifty years

ago. The factory is continually creating something new and wonderful.

The factory uses nine trade-marks, always in blue, representing different periods and different qualities. These marks are registered in the imperial patent office in Berlin, but there are many other manufactories in Germany and France which have trade marks so much like the Meissen works that one may easily be deceived in them.

To a Violet

O Violet! who cheer'st the midnight hour
With thy sweet fragrant perfume, give to me
The goodly lessons life has taught to thee.
Tell me the secret of thy peace, O flower!
What makes thee happy in thy woodland bower?
Thou bringest breaths of dear and joyous spring,
And all the joys of life around thee cling,
And riches worthy of a princess' dower.
Yet why should I learn from a common flower
The duties of my life 'pon this great earth?
'T were best by my own conscience to be taught,
Or led by my great Maker's unseen power.
O Violet, had my life but thy worth
I would not dare to call it good for naught.

ELMA. "Well, have you met the Grammar school boys yet, Arthur?"

ARTHUR. "No; but when we do there'll be a great deal of cutting and shooting done."

ELMA (shocked). "Why, Arthur! How's that?"

ARTHUR. "Well, when they begin hostilities we'll cut around the corner and shoot for home."

PROF. BROOKS (in geometry class). "George, is that proof from Beman and Smith's edition?"

GEORGE. "I don't know; Birdena told me about it."

H. M. ALBRIGHT,
To W. A. Chalfant, Dr.
—One front gate.

The Storm

The clouds went floating swiftly by,
  At first a bright and fleecy light;
Then slowly hid the clear blue sky
  Till all was covered from our sight.
And sea gulls slow were passing o'er
Us as we stood upon the shore.

The wind came slowly o'er the deep,
  Then swifter blew, and stronger, till
It woke the ocean from its sleep.
  On came the tempest, loud and shrill,
And as the waves rolled wildly past
We heard a sound like trumpet blast.

We heard it louder sound once more,
  Like roar of cannon, as the crash
Re-echoed far along the shore.
  Then saw we vivid lightning flash.
Near by a stranded ship, and weak,
Fast on the reefs relief did seek.

Her signals seemed of no avail,
  For who would venture on the sea
With such high waves, in that fierce gale?
  Despairing sailors longed to flee
If any aid chanced to the side
Of that dark wreck, tossed by the tide.

The life boats soon were on the crest
  Of raging waves; heroic men
With straining sinews did their best
  To reach the stricken ship; and then
Their way they beat back to the shore,
And dauntlessly returned for more.

And ere the ship sunk in the deep
  The rescued stood upon the land.
And tears of gratitude did weep,
  That weary, storm-tossed little band;
Stern Neptune then restrained the gale,
And sunlight shone upon the vale.

The wind had stopped, and all was still
  Along the stretch of rugged shore
Where wildly it had raged until
  The beach was swept like threshing floor.
Then hovered silent night serene,
And sheltered 'neath its wings the scene.

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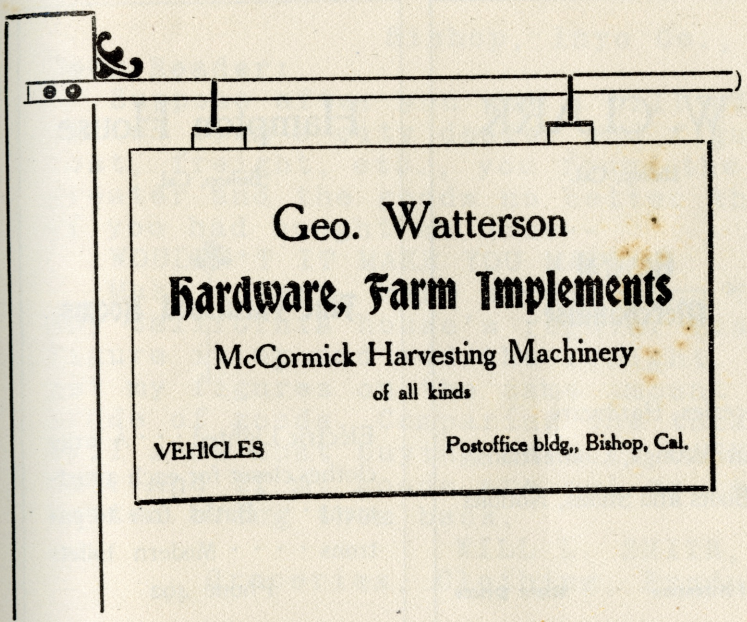

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